

Secret of Years Is Revealed.

First Authentic Statement of the Woes of Princess Frederick Leopold.

Of the Royal House of Prussia—Her Pride Keeps Her Lips Sealed.

REBELS AGAINST TYRANNY AT LAST.

She Forsakes Her Brutal Husband and Vows She Will Never See Him Again—A Life of Misery.

Berlin, Jan. 25.—There is no truth whatever in the story that Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia has of late persistently refused to see her sister, the Empress.

It is equally untrue that she has sworn never again to speak to the Kaiser, after the disgraceful scenes reported in the Journal two weeks ago, which ended in the Emperor William ordering the arrest and a fortnight's confinement of her despicable husband in the royal castle.

On the contrary, the poor Princess now, more than ever, maintains her affectionate relations with the Imperial couple, who besides her children, are her only comfort, since the Prince has left Berlin and has gone abroad, on what everybody knows will be an extended globe trot, incognito. In fact, it is whispered in court circles that the couple will manage never to meet again. The presence of the Princess in the White Hall of the Schloss on the occasion of the Imperial proclamation of the quarter-centennial anniversary of the birth of the German Empire flatly contradicts all these yarns about the strained relations which are said to have resulted from the scandals. The Princess entered the White Hall supported by the Empress Frederick and her Imperial sister. Her face was ashy pale, and her whole bearing gave evidence of a long period of unpeppable suffering. Those deep furrows on the forehead of a comparatively young woman were not simply the effects of a brief illness subsequent to an accident while skating. It did not require a specialist to unravel these symptoms. That face and the stooped figure betrayed years of silent martyrdom, an affectionate love scorned.

The very fact that Prince Frederick Leopold was the only member of the royal house who did not attend the Court festivities on New Year's day corroborates the account of the serious quarrel between

which the Prince suffers terribly at times, so that his most intimate friends claim that he is on some occasions not responsible for his acts.

His physician states that the black sheep of Germany's reigning family was made a moral and physical wreck by the beatings which he daily, and often without the least provocation, received from his father. The result is that he is an epileptic, and on the least excitement or thwarting of his will, is thrown in a violent temper, which he has frequently vented on his demure little wife. The Princess, as a rule, bore this cruel treatment with silent resignation, and, as she is an earnest Christian woman, her revenge was the offering up of devout prayers for her husband's conversion of heart and soul. Her chambermaids and her most intimate companions have marvelled at her patience.

Though everybody knew of the bitter quarrels, which were of almost daily occurrence in the household, she managed to keep the story of the corporal maltreatment from the Kaiser and her sister during all those years until the day of the skating accident, when, provoked by the lashes from her husband's whip, she made a clean breast of it all, and a flood of tears, recited the long story of her secret sufferings. How, from the day her first child was born—a little girl—her husband began to abuse her and displayed a sudden hatred toward her; how he often attacked her with his fists, bragging of his great wealth and ridiculing her poverty; how he even maltreated all of her children, with the exception of her only son—little Frederick. The Prince had finally forbidden the exercise of her freedom. She was not allowed to leave Glienecke Castle without his special permission, and, driven to desperation, she had listened to the counsel of two ladies of her court and had actually dared to disobey and indulge in her favorite sport of skating.

Princess Frederick Leopold is only thirty years old, and, before her marriage, in 1880, as Princess Louise Sophie of Schleswig-Holstein, was a dashing young lady, ever full of girlish glee.

She was always a great favorite with the then Prince Wilhelm, the present Emperor of Germany. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Kaiser so quickly espoused her cause when he was suddenly summoned to Glienecke Castle, last month, and felt like administering a sound thrashing to her brutal husband. It is said that when Prince Frederick attempted to deny the terrible charges the Kaiser flew into a rage and told him that he would treat him as did the Emperor of Austria the infamous Archduke Otto, if he added another word to the injuries he had done the lady.

There is no doubt that the Kaiser will henceforth watch over the interests of his sister-in-law. At any rate, Prince Leopold has already been compelled to give up his command of the Imperial Body Guards, and his absence from the Fatherland is not altogether a voluntary one. It is possible that the denouement will be an absolute divorce, the Princess retaining possession



Swiss Ladies Enjoy Their Baths. (Sketches from a photograph by a Journal staff artist.)

Society Bathing in Switzerland.

A Place Where People Remain in the Water Half a Day at a Time.

Queer Scenes Witnessed, Ranging from Courtship to a Tea Party.

THE BATH THE TOWN'S SALVATION.

It Was Famous as a Cure for Rheumatism and Other Ills as Long Ago as the Tenth Century.

In Lenkenbad, one of the most beautiful bathing resorts of Southern Switzerland, most of the bathing establishments are closely connected with the village inns. A scene may be witnessed here on almost any afternoon resembling much the ancient rather voluptuous indulgences of the Romans during the days of the ancient empire. There is this difference, however—that in the case of the ancient bathers the practice was prompted by sensuality and indolence, while in Lenkenbad the bathers are driven to it by sheer ennui and by order of their physician. The baths are divided into individual, family and society rooms.

In accordance with the ailments of the patients, the doctors order short, hour or half-day baths. Most of the visitors for whom the latter are prescribed take advantage of the society baths, in which every possible contrivance has been introduced to insure the comfort and pleasure of the guests.

Women and men utilize these moderately heated rooms in common. The bathers are dressed in loose woolen gowns and mantles, and usually spend from three to four hours in the water every afternoon. The conversation is lively, and conducted in French or the Swiss patois, as most of the guests hail from France, Switzerland and the Tyrol.

In one corner may be seen a trio of sedate matrons knitting or embroidering; in another a pleasant tete-a-tete of a young couple who seem to be in the water more for amusement than for a "cure." Here and there a game of cards, checkers or chess is played. Men, floating on their backs and smoking cigars or cigarettes, are not an uncommon sight, while the women prefer to indulge in a kaffeekatsch (coffee party), where the gossip of the day is related. Waiters are always at the call of the guests.

Lenkenbad has at least twenty hot springs. They are of special benefit to sufferers from rheumatism and liver troubles. It is a most charming place, picturesque, unencumbered with a group of mighty mountains of rock, about three thousand feet above the sea level, yet thoroughly protected from the biting winter storms. Toward the south only is there an exit from the overhanging circle of promontories and peaks, whose tops appear to touch the sky. Here a narrow stream called the Dala leads to the larger rivers of Northern Italy.

This resort was famous as far back as the tenth century, and now there is no doubt less than eight hundred patients in the place. In fact, the little town would be bankrupt if it had not the baths. There are a number of brawny women in the town, who are supposed to have had a thorough course of instruction in massage methods, whose duty it is to massage the rheumatics for a small fee, somewhat after the methods followed in Aix-les-Bains. The resort is within easy reach of the principal Southern European railroads.

A Kansas Woman.

[Chicago Blade.]

A Kansas paper mentions as a fact of local importance that Ada Ratts has been given a certificate to teach school in Butler County. If some one calls out her name sharply in a girl's high school there will be a jumping up on seats and a little panic.

School for Witnesses.

A Mock Court Where the Art of Giving Testimony Is Taught.

Intended to Train Those Who Are Not Familiar with Judicial Procedure.

REGULAR LAWYERS THE INSTRUCTORS.

Every Detail of Trials Rehearsed with Care and the Witness Acquainted with All the Tricks Practised by Cross-Examiners.

A school for instructing witnesses in the art of giving testimony in court is at present in successful operation in New York. Every detail of court trials is carefully rehearsed in this novel institution, and witnesses are fitted to appear at trials by experienced instructors for so much per hour. This school is not intended to train witnesses to give manufactured evidence. The instruction given is strictly lawful. It is principally intended for very green witnesses who are not familiar with court procedure. An experienced lawyer studies the case which is to be presented, and teaches his strange pupil the ways of lawyers and his him as well as possible to tell a plain, straightforward story and to repeat it without the slightest contradiction under the sharpest cross-examination. The novel courtroom is furnished as nearly as possible in the same way as the ordinary courts. The resemblance is carried out in almost every detail. The object of all this is to make the witness under instruction so familiar with the arrangements of the bar that he will feel perfectly at home in the study matter at his case. This sham courtroom is, of course, rather smaller than its original in the Criminal Courts Building. The green witness who is to be instructed by the mysteries of the court is placed first in a chair on an elevated stand exactly as he sits in court. A row of chairs is arranged on his left hand to represent the wise jury. The would-be witness sits partly facing the jury, and while under examination is very careful to speak so that the chairs may not lose a single word he says. The witness learns how to treat the straight row of chairs in a courteous and dignified manner. He practices a manner of turning to this mute jury at critical points, in order to impress them with some particular point of his testimony. And he learns in a measure how to scan the faces of his jury and detect signs of approval or contempt. To the right of the witness stands the judge's throne. The witness has also considerable to gain from the company of this minor seat. Throughout his testimony he is aware that a searching pair of eyes are directed upon him from the side, and he learns how to turn to the judge when necessary to ask for protection against any improper question from the opposing counsel or when any question is put by the judge the witness will be so familiar with this sham judge that there will be no danger of his becoming at all rattled.

One of the most important lessons the empty jury bench and judge's chair have to teach is the fact that the witness is completely surrounded by people who are watching him very closely. The empty chairs, therefore, teach him to be reserved and dignified throughout the trial. Besides this setting, which is always carefully arranged, the miniature court is also provided with a bar exactly like the one which separates the witness from his examiner and cross-examiner.

The witnesses who take advantage of this course of instruction are usually those who are summoned to testify in accident cases or suits for damages against railroads. Lawyers have found the instruction of the utmost importance for such witnesses. It generally happens that in these trials the lawyers who conduct the cross-examination are employed by rich corporations and are the shrewdest men to be found. They are very trying to the witness. It also often happens that these witnesses are ignorant people, who have never been in court in their lives, and are easily confused by clever cross-examination.

Bridal Tour on a Wheelbarrow.

A French Couple to Go Round the World After This Fashion.

They Must Push Their Quaint Vehicle for 33,000 Miles.

TRYING TO WIN A BIG WAGER.

Have Planned to Accomplish the Journey Within Two Years—An Almost Impossible Feat—The Start to the East.

A honeymoon trip on a wheelbarrow around the world—this is without exception the most eccentric of all fin-de-siecle notions. Nor is it the whim of a blasé Eng-

lishman who travels four to five miles per day, and that he will be on his feet ten hours per day, he would in two years or 730 days, have covered not more than 30,000 miles. The couple have started eastward, and it is doubtful if they will average as much in the deserts of Asia Minor and other unpeppable highways.

BIG HUNTERS CONTRASTED.

Dispassionate View of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison as Sportsmen. (St. Louis Republic.)

President Cleveland is scarcely less of an enigma to sporting men than he is to some politicians. Many of his peculiarities are entirely reconcilable with that disposition which makes a man fond of outdoor sports, especially shooting and fishing. Very different qualities from those he displays are looked for generally in a man who is fond of his rod and gun. This leads many, who have never accompanied him on one of his trips, to believe that he really does not care a great deal for the sport when he gets out, and that the ducks or the fish merely furnish a convenient excuse for getting away from the city. It is seen him with gun or rod do not share in this expression. It is evident to them that he truly enjoys killing game. Moreover, he is quick to avail himself of an opportunity to partake of the homely fare of the country people, and he shows a liking for "roughing it."

Mr. Harrison, when he was in the White House, was quite as fond as Mr. Cleveland of shooting and fishing, but he did not devote as much time to that sort of enjoyment. There is a great difference between the habits of the two men when in the field, the boat or the blind. Their difference is very conspicuously shown in the manner of handling a gun and taking a shot. Harrison has more of the recognized traits of a sportsman. He is a quick shot, and takes chances. He is ready to risk an almost impossible shot rather than let it go without a trial, and often gets his game on just such a slim chance. He does not wait for a sure thing. Consequently, when he has been duck shooting, he has made some misses, but at the same time bagged more game than has Cleveland.

Cleveland seems to be more anxious not to miss than he is to get the shot. He will permit any number of chances to pass without pulling the trigger, which Harrison would take, hit or miss. He will wait for hours, possibly half the day, for a sure thing, and let fair chance opportunities go by.

He shows neither impatience nor fatigue in waiting. He brings his gun slowly to his shoulder, gets a deliberate sight along the barrel, and when he is perfectly sure of his aim, pulls the trigger. If he fails to get the duck covered just to his liking, he will lower his gun without firing, and wait for other ducks to come. He wants an absolute assurance with each shot, and often allows the birds to go by when almost any other man on earth would take the shot. The result is that very seldom he wastes a charge of shot, but he does not miss a large number of birds. To miss once is to spoil his sport. He does not mind the game getting away without being shot at.

Harrison would take a quick shot without waiting to get the gun to his shoulder, and would get the game if there was any sort of a show for him. If he is fairly well ready for the next, and thought no more about it. At the end of the day he would regret few shots lost through hesitation. Cleveland's gun is sure death to what gets in its way. Harrison's gun is liable to reach that which seems to be at a safe distance. Cleveland wants slow and unsuspecting game. Harrison takes his chances with the wary.

Rapid Transit Fifty Years Ago.

[Chicago Blade.] If anybody was asked what comparison exists between the speed of railroad trains now and fifty years ago he would probably say that hardly any can be made.

The difference, however, is far less than is generally supposed. In May, 1845, the Great Western railway engine, Great Britain was driven by Engineer Almond from Paddington to Didcot, fifty-three miles in forty-seven minutes, starting and stopping. When we consider that the trains in those days were very crude this is pretty fast travelling.

Nor was this done once, but repeatedly. The train gauge expressed were, at the time, twenty times the rate of a mile in forty-eight seconds, or seventy-five miles an hour, and even a higher maximum was attained for short distances. The Bradshaw for 1848 shows that the morning express was timed to leave Paddington ten minutes after 10 o'clock, and start again from Didcot at thirteen minutes to 11. Allowing four minutes for the stop at Didcot, the train must have been officially timed at a mile a minute. The railway records show that the train often arrived under time. These facts should silence a great many

Leo's Niece Remarries.

A Romance at the Vatican Involving Two Favorites of the Pope.

Divorced by the Holy Consistory, the Couple Are Reunited by a Child.

FATHERLY INTEREST OF THE PONTIFF

One of the Few Cases in Which Catholics Have Been Permitted to Sever the Marriage Tie—Cardinal Gibbons on Divorce.

Rome, Jan. 15.—Society is talking of this announcement which appeared yesterday in a newspaper devoted to the interests of the Holy See:

MARRIED—At St. Peter's, Count Salvatore Salmel and Constanta Spezz, from the family of the Counts of Pecci.

Pecci, as everybody knows, is the family name of Pope Leo, and Constanta Spezz is his Holiness's favorite niece, the only woman who passes in and out of the Vatican unquestioned, while the third party named in the announcement, Count Salmel, is a captain of Pope Leo's Noble Guard.

"But," cried Society when it had half recovered from its surprise, "they are married—have been married for—let us see, how old is their son?—fully five years." And then a small paragraph in the news section of the paper was noticed that said: "The Holy Father has been pleased to say special mass for his newly-wedded relatives and conferred upon them his fatherly blessings." After that no one versed in the usages of the Vatican press could doubt that the couple had not been "merely separated," but had been formally divorced the several years they lived apart.

In Italy a woman retains her own name after marriage, coupling with it that of her husband. To the outside world the Pope's niece was the "Countess Spezz-Salmel," or simply "Countess Spezz." She had lived alone with her boy the last four years and three months, but continued her visits at the Vatican, where Count Salmel did service as a military officer.

Count Salvatore met the beautiful Constanta about six years ago while on duty in the Papal ante-chamber. Constanta had free access to Pope Leo's private chambers, to which the Count was attached in the capacity of a Noble Guardsman. Thus the young people became personally acquainted, and in the end Salvatore asked the Pope to give his niece in marriage. His Holiness, who loved both, acceded to his prayers, and just five years ago their nuptials were solemnized with great pomp at St. Peter's.

The pair lived happily for some months, but before the first half year was finished Constanta returned to her parents. At the expiration of the seventh month Constanta came with her mother to Rome, but not to her husband's residence. She rented an old palace in a fashionable quarter and has lived there ever since.

As Salvatore apparently continued in favor at the Vatican, the separation of the couple was looked upon as amicable arrangement and no one paid much attention to the matter. Now it turns out that the Count and Countess were formally divorced by decree of the Holy Consistory in October, 1891, on the ground of "unconquerable detestation of each other on both sides." It was also stipulated that the Countess should enjoy the custody of the child.

This latter proviso, it has been learned, was always strictly obeyed. Until about a month ago the father never saw his beautiful boy, although the civil law of Italy gave him a perfect right to the possession of the child. At the time mentioned little Constantine fell ill and his malady developed into diphtheria. One morning a verbal message from the Countess was delivered at the Vatican advising the Pope that her child's life was in danger. Count Salvatore, who was on duty in the ante-chamber, heard the news. He begged for a furlough, saying that he must see his child without delay.

"That is impossible," said the Pope's secretary. "The decree of divorce provides that you have no right whatever to the boy."

At this point, it is claimed, the Pontiff



Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia. (Sketches from a photograph by a Journal staff artist.)

the royal brothers-in-law. The canard of an estrangement between the two sisters undoubtedly grew out of a false report of the visit of the Empress immediately after the Princess was brought home in an exhausted condition from the Glienecke Castle pond, where she had fallen through the ice while skating, and from which she was rescued by two courageous peasants.

It was reported then that when the Empress had tried with sisterly anxiety to see the Princess, she was told, for some reason or other, that she could not do so. At that very moment her furious brother-in-law, who had come home from the Potsdam drill grounds, was applying the whip to her poor sister.

With uncontrolled anger he upbraided her for leaving the castle without his permission, and, with fearful oaths, blamed her for all the trouble between himself and the Emperor.

While all this was going on in the bed-chamber of the Princess it was thought best not to admit the Empress. The rest need not be told again—how the Emperor was telephoned for and appeared with one of his aides-de-camp at the Glienecke Castle, the quarrel which followed and the order for the Prince's arrest.

At all the courts of Europe there is not a lady of kinder disposition and sweeter temper than Princess Frederick Leopold. It is also known that her marriage with the Prince was an "affaire de coeur," and to this day she fosters a whole-souled affection for her erratic spouse. It was always supposed that the latter reciprocated his wife's love and devotion. The more charitable ascribe the whole trouble to a disease from

of her little children, and the settlement of a large income upon her.

Sherman as a Humorist.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

"I heard Chauncey Depew tell a good story of John Sherman lately," said a prominent railroad official, who returned home from a sojourn in New York the other day. "It was before the restaurants on the palace cars had been established and the system of eating houses at railway stations was much in vogue. Senator Sherman was going to some remote point in the West. He dined at the station restaurant, not noticing that there was a table d'hote dinner served for \$1. He selected a cup of coffee and a plate of baked beans from the menu and was indignant at being charged \$1 for the same by the attendant, who blandly informed him that he could have anything on the bill of fare he cared to for the charge. The extortionate price, as he considered it, ranked in the Senator's breast, and he telegraphed C. O. D. to the manager of the restaurant from Omaha: 'I think the charge of \$1 for a cup of baked beans and a cup of coffee altogether too high.' The C. O. D. cost the restaurant man more than the price paid for the meal. Arrived in San Francisco, the Senator sent another C. O. D. telegram: 'I still think the price of your baked beans too high, but shall say nothing more on the subject.'"

The Carr's Daughter.

[Chicago Times-Herald.]

Kittie Reed, the Speaker's bright sixteen-year-old daughter, is becoming a great favorite in Washington society. She has the Reed drawl, and she people like it. She is a plump, sweet, blue-eyed girl, with a good deal of the classic beauty of a Greek goddess. She is a simple, sincere and without a shadow of affectation. She doesn't like society at all, but goes everywhere "for papa's sake."

The Scare.

[Philadelphia Call.]

The "war scare" is confined to the offices of Anglo-Mexican newspapers. Americans don't scare.



A Bridal Tour in a Wheelbarrow. (Sketches from a photograph by a Journal staff artist.)

lishman or a shabby genteel Yankee. A young French bridal couple will brave the jeers of the rural folk and the ridicule of metropolitans. They have already started for a big wager on a two years' trip in this odd fashion around the globe.

M. Galsia, the bridegroom, is a young French Parisian, who looks as if he could perform the task twice over without much fatigue.

It is feared, however, by the friends of M. Galsia that he will lose his wager, as to accomplish it seems impossible. Counting off the sea voyage, the couple will have to traverse at least 33,000 miles. Figuring that the bridegroom wheelbarrow

persons who prate about the phenomenal progress recently made in railroad matters in general and rapid transit in particular.

Actors, Editors, et al.

[Albany Argus.]

A savings bank of New York keeps a record of its depositors. During the year 1894 there was only one actor while there were 1,392 tailors; there was but a single editor while there were 725 laborers; there was one boarding house keeper and 237 peddlers. There were lots of shoemakers, bakers, barbers, waiters, cigar-makers, but very few musicians, liquor dealers, lawyers or policemen. Only five policemen, five lawyers, one soldier.

The Countess repented at once to her wife's residence, where he found Constanta sobbing at the child's bedside. The boy was delirious and the crisis near at hand. The divorced couple, as if by joint consent, took no notice of each other further than unifying their efforts to save the child. They were successful. Little Constantine passed the crisis, and the joy over his recovery brought the parents together once more. They had a good talk and finally a reconciliation was effected. The marriage already alluded to followed.